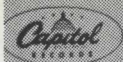


DISORDER

THE MAGAZINE FROM CBR FM 102 JANUARY 1988

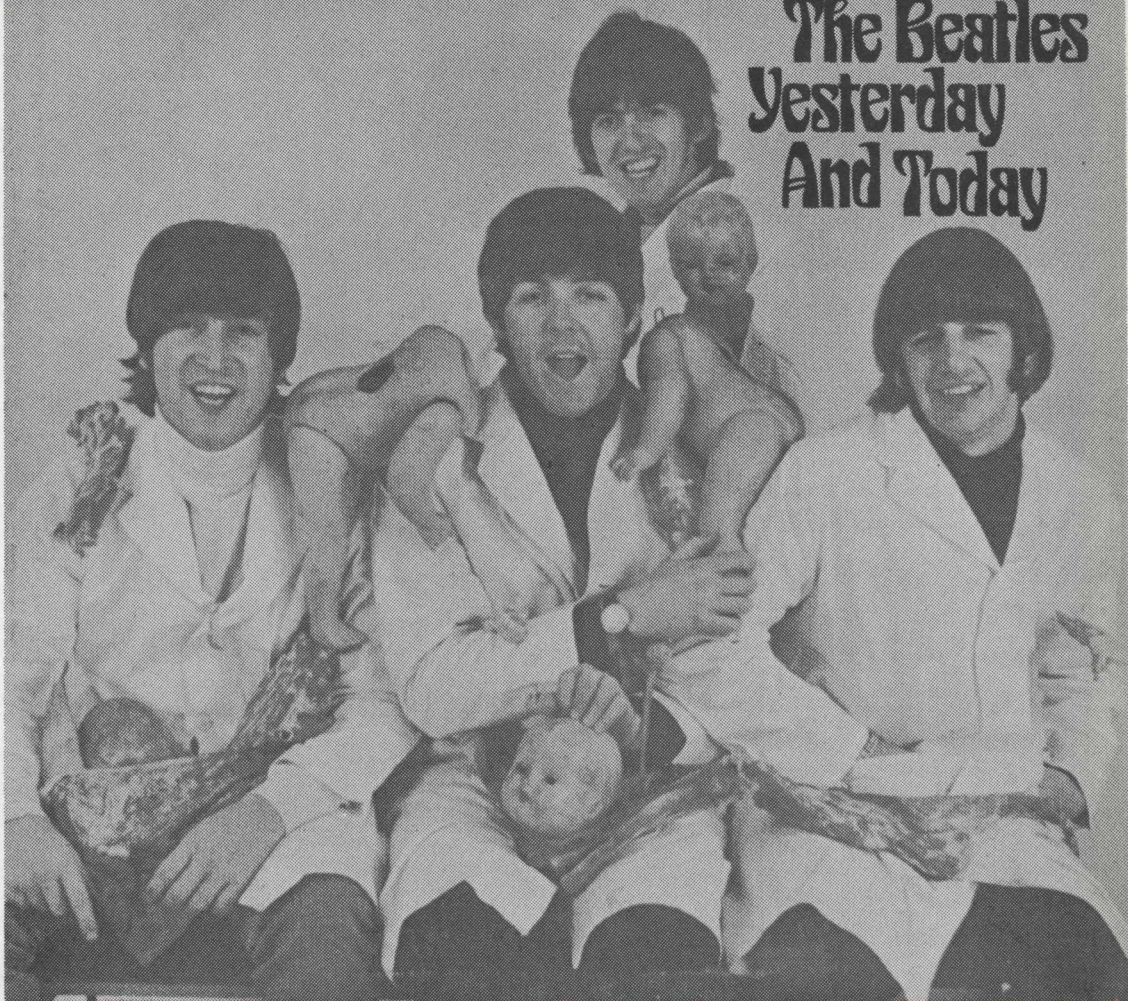
LET'S MOVE
IN AND FINISH
THE GODDAMN
JOB!





YESTERDAY • DR. ROBERT
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WE CAN WORK IT OUT • DAY TRIPPER
NOWHERE MAN • WHAT GOES ON?
DRIVE MY CAR • IF I NEEDED SOMEONE
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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITR Radio 102

January 1988 • Vol. V Issue #60

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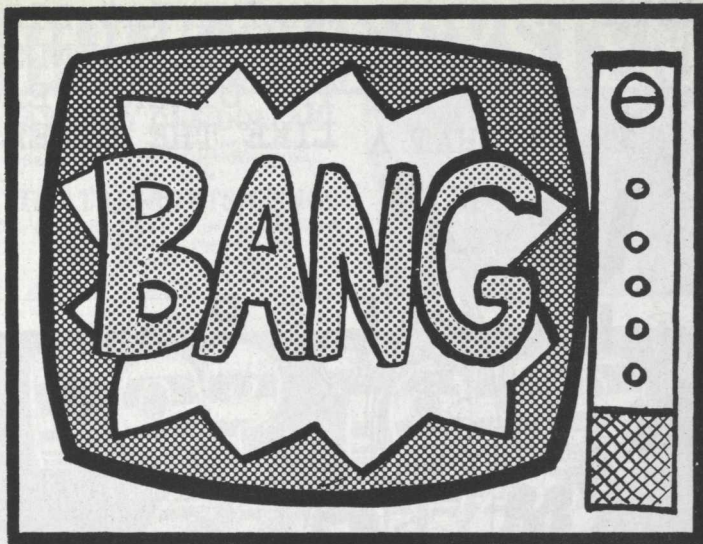
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Discorder is That Magazine from CITR Radio 102 and is published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia, although it winds up being printed deep from within Surrey, Canada.

Discorder Magazine prints what it wants to, but pledges to put the CITR On The Dial program schedule and SpinList record chart in every issue. Discorder also vows to circulate 17,500 copies by the first of each month. Subscriptions are encouraged. Twelve issues: \$12 in Canada, \$12(US) in the States, \$18 elsewhere. Make money orders or certified cheques payable to 'CITR Publications'.

CITR Radio 102 broadcasts a 49-watt stereo signal throughout the Vancouver area at 101.9 FM. But for best reception, hook up to the FM cable network. CITR is at 101.9 cable FM on Rogers (Lower Mainland) and Shaw (North Shore) cable systems, but is still at 100.1 on Rogers (Fraser Valley).

Inquiries about CITR, Discorder or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg at 228-3017, between 10 am - 4 pm, Monday to Friday. If you want to talk to the deejay, call 228-2487 or 228-CITR.



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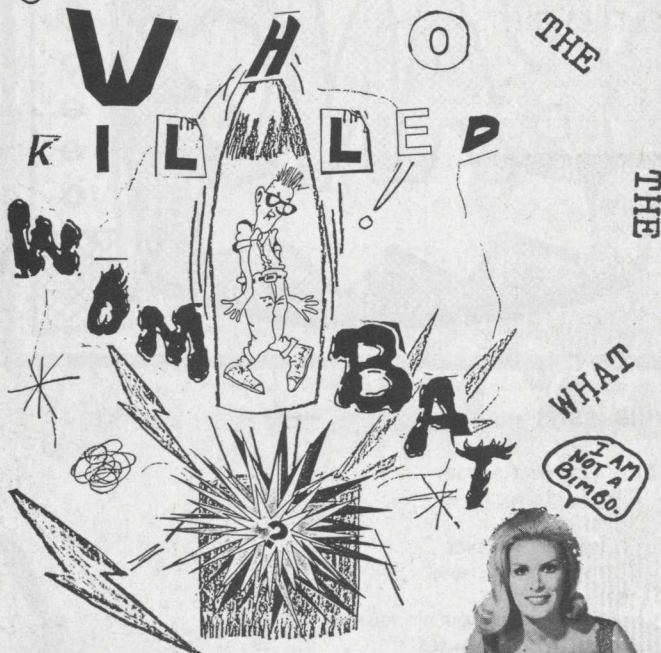


WHAT A

OUT FOR VE NG EA C

WHAT A RAG DISCORDER IS! EACH ARTICLE SOUNDS SO MUCH LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, EACH PAGE SO MUCH LIKE THE OTHER PAGES

WHAT A



Discorder,
WHERE'S WOMBAT!??

G. Penygrasse

Dear Virginia, Where is Wombat? You might as well ask, where is Jimmy Hoffa? As far as we know here at Discorder, Wombat is/was/always will be a figment of the talented Filbrandt's imagination. No doubt, he still exists there, as he does in numerous back issues of this fine magazine. In the words of the immortal George Harrison "All things must pass." Wombat has done just that. Will he rise again? That is the real question.



...e fou zesis

PEACE, LOVE AND PUNISHMENT

Discorder,

Re: page 9, December issue. McHarshness, Bud. Who wrote this letter? Larry or Jack? One of them has a rather unusual hellfire and brimstone attitude toward the idea of God. Is Religion supposed to be punishment oriented or rehabilitative? If it is based on punishment, I'm out of here. That is not fun. Peace and Love, Bro.

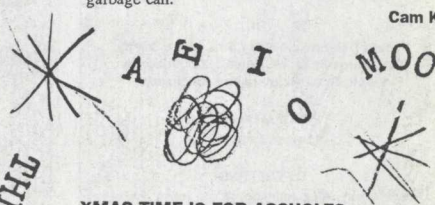
Drainpipe, Arts 1

Of course it's not fun.

Discorder/Larry Thiessen,

Hey, Larry. Your letter to Jack Van Impe Ministries was great, but I seriously doubt if any mail without a dollar sign in front of it gets past their garbage can.

Cam K.



XMAS TIME IS FOR ASSHOLES

Discorder,

Like all intelligent people, I greatly dislike Christmas. It is really an atrocious institution. We must be gluttonous because it is Christmas. We must be drunken because it is Christmas. We must be "insincerely generous; we must buy things that nobody wants, and give them to people we don't like; we must go to absurd entertainments that make even our little children satirical; we must writhe under venal officiousness from legions of freebooters, all because it is Christmas.

George Bernard Shaw

Actually, this isn't an Airhead letter at all, but something we stole from a No Fun press release. It was originally published December 20th, 1893.





Discorder,

My brother gets every issue of your magazine and I read it from cover to cover after he's finished with it (I don't think he even reads it). Anyways, I think that your magazine is really neat -- and weird too!

I think that you could get more readers if you printed more public interest stories. Stories like mine are very touching and this is it: On Saturday night, I went to the Cannes Goods II at the Ridge and after I left, and I walked down Arbustus and found a wallet and I looked in it, but found no money (I deduced that it had been stolen).

I thought of my options. Leave it, strew the contents over hell's half-acre, sell the ID to some teen . . . maybe I could have done these things, but I didn't. I tried putting it in the 'Wallet' drop-off in a bank on Hastings, but it was locked so I decided to mail it back to Alberta. I thought of how it was close to Christmas and how I'd like someone to mail me my wallet if I lost it, plus the guy had a map to his Mom's place in it.

I mailed the wallet and felt good. This story -- and if you encouraged your readers to send in other happy stories like it -- could make your magazine more enjoyable.

Sincerely,
Lee Mortimer

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GRACE LAND

You figure it OUT!

DEC XXX,XXXI,
MIMLXXVII
NEW YEAR'S



A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was the night before Christmas and all through the house were empty beer bottles. The guests were leaving one by one and two by two. Frank slipped on the bottom step and cracked his head on the pavement. It made the snow turn a lovely bright red. What a wonderful time they had all been having at the party! Everyone had a good giggle as Frank's wife took him to the hospital.

Uncle Don was feeling better than he'd felt in a long time and not surprising. He'd managed to drink a whole bottle of rum. He dropped the keys a couple of times trying to get into his car but once in, it started first go. "Gee," thinks Uncle Don, "I'm sure glad I got that new battery and a tune-up before the cold weather set in." It was a lovely clear night and the moon was shining brightly on the fresh snow. Uncle Don was driving pretty straight when he went through the red light and broadsided another car. He struck the window real hard. Too bad he forgot to put his seat belt on. It's no wonder that red and green are the colours of Christmas. The firemen felt pretty sick after they pulled Uncle Don's mangled body from the wreckage.

It was Uncle Don's niece Debby who answered the phone when the police called. She ran and got Daddy, then went back to wrapping Uncle Don's Christmas present. Daddy looked a little pale when he hung up the phone. He went to the cupboard and poured himself a drink of rum, but somehow it didn't taste so good. Instead, he washed down a valium with a beer. He didn't want to tell mummy about this but there was no avoiding it.

"Mummy," said Debby. "Billy told me that pigs are killed by hanging them up with a spike through their back legs and then they have their treats cut while all the blood drains out because they're still alive. Do we have to have ham this Christmas?"

"Don't you listen to Billy, he's just telling you stories. And when you're finished wrapping that present I want you to go to bed right away. Santa Claus will be here before you know it and he doesn't give presents to little girls who don't do what they're told."

Later on, as Daddy was telling Mummy about Uncle Don, they could hear the Hudsons next door having an argument. Mr. Hudson had sold some the food that the neighbourhood school had left on their doorstep, and spent the money on rum. Mr. Hudson was really drunk and started to beat up Mrs. Hudson. The police arrived and took Mr. Hudson away.

Debby was awake because of all the noise next door. She couldn't see anything from her window though so she looked up in the sky and saw a bright light moving across it. She wondered if the light was Santa with Rudolf leading the way. Actually it was a defence satellite moving into position. The President had drank a lot of rum that night and had pushed a few buttons that no one in their right mind should have even considered creating. It was going to be a white Christmas after all. White hot. Hotter than the sun. Uncle Don sure was lucky he'd always enjoyed a drink of rum.

Matt Richards

PUZZLIN' EVIDENCE

IT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENS IN A GIVEN YEAR THAT MATTERS SO MUCH AS WHAT BECOMES EVIDENT

For instance, it's worth noting that within the last ten years science has come up with all the necessary technology to make perfect fake photographs: images so apparently real, no expert can prove them false. Imagine Brian Mulroney holding hands with a scantily clad sixteen-year-old (not his daughter or even his niece). Imagine a space ship hovering over a Burger King somewhere in Saskatchewan (do they have Burger Kings in Saskatchewan?). Imagine Wayne Gretzky mainlining heroin.

We're living in an age where, logically, you can't believe anything you see (certainly no document, no movie, no video or audio recording, no evidence of any kind). What does this do to the justice system? What does this do to our whole concept of truth? What weird mutation are we going to notice anyday now in children born since 1980?

THE BAD GUYS ARE WINNING

Is it just me or is everyone sick these days? Not with AIDS necessarily, just sick. Isn't there an ominous number of vicious colds going around? What is this weird thing they're calling "Yuppy Mono"? (Why are so many *medical experts* denying it exists?)

Of course, none of this has anything to do with Chernobyl, with Bhopal, with acid rain, the depleting ozone, the disappearing Brazilian rain forest. The planet's in wonderful shape. Just ask anyone in the Reagan Administration. While you're at it, get them to verify that the CIA have no involvement with organized crime, repressive political regimes or the murder of Peter Tosh. *Prediction for 1988: creative paranoia will become a popular pastime.*

U2 ARE NOT AS BIG AS THE BEATLES. JOHN LENNON WAS WAY TALLER THAN ANY OF THEM.

But they're not a bad band at all. Who knows? In a realistic venue, they might even be the best live rock 'n' roll band ever. But not in BC Place. Don't believe the deluded ravings of those who fought so hard, believed so fervently, paid so much that it *had* to be the concert of the year. More like the scam of the year. Certainly the disappointment. Art and football stadiums have about as much in common as Ollie North and the truth. BC Place should be filled with dirt and turned into the world's largest terrarium. Imagine the tulips!

ROCK 'N' ROLL IS DEAD!

You have to admit it's pretty strange when three of the four members of the band of the year are clean living Christians who no doubt get along very well with their parents. Was it AIDS that did the heinous deed or was it *Miami Vice*? Bon Jovi or Huey Lewis? What about Michael J. Fox? What about Johnny Rotten? Were Led Zeppelin the last great rock 'n' roll band? (Before you scoff, get a copy of *Physical Graffiti* and listen to all four sides at least twice. If you're not impressed, you're probably a Sacred.)

LONG LIVE ROCK!

— or am I just peering up my asshole searching for a great *white* hope and getting blinded by the smell? What is rock 'n' roll anyway? What about Prince? What about *Sign o' the Times*, the single, the album, the movie (the concert of the year). Prince's music is everything rock 'n' roll should be: erotic, dangerous and wickedly assured. Anyone who doesn't think he's simply bloody amazing is either homophobic, a white supremacist or too old to understand.

Fats Comet (Tackhead, the Mafia, whatever you want to call them) are hot, too. (Imagine if Led Zeppelin had understood funk.) Their show at 86 Street was better than it had a right to be ... given the venue.

HOME TAPING SHOULD KILL THE RECORD INDUSTRY

Imagine a technology which allows you to record a song (studio quality) at home, then pop a number of dubs of it into the mail and send them to various friends all over the world, who pull off multiple dubs themselves and send them to other friends who pull off other dubs, and so on and so on ... and all with *no discernible loss* in signal quality. Such is the nature of Digital Audio Tape (DAT) technology. Call it evolution. We all know what happens to dinosaurs.

HOLLYWOOD IS RUN BY LIVING DEAD ZOMBIES

I was going to write off the whole idea of the place — everyone who's got anything to do with it — and vow never to waste my money on another Hollywood film, but then I saw Steven Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun*. Magic.



AMERICA IS RUN BY LIVING DEAD ZOMBIES

It's true. Ronald Reagan died of brain cancer sometime in June and they've been reanimating the corpse ever since. Rich Little's doing the voice. You haven't seen him around recently, have you.

AMERICA IS A LIVING DEAD ZOMBIE

Apparently, if you're a thirteen year old black kid in the slums of Detroit, and you want to join a gang, the initiation is to murder another kid. Any kid. Just as long as he doesn't belong to the gang in question. Preferably, he should be shot. As of the end of August, the 1987 handgun murder death toll for kids under sixteen (in Detroit alone) was over a hundred. Why don't they deal with this on the Cosby show?

THE MAJORITY OF "HUMANITY" ARE LIVING DEAD ZOMBIES

Most people don't think. The concept of weighing pros and cons has nothing to do with how they make a choice. It's a sad but brutal truth. How else could Bill Vander Zalm have been elected? Ronald Reagan? What does this say about the validity of democracy? *Prediction for 1988: expect an increase in public mental derangement.*

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT (AND I FEEL FINE)

I think. Sure it's fun to watch the Stock Market crash, to watch Ronald Reagan squirm, to comment on the significance of that ferry *The Herald of Free Enterprise* capsizing off the coast of Belgium (remember: "The belief in coincidence is the prevalent superstition of the modern age of science"). But what about the reality of collapse, disintegration, breakdown? Civilization isn't all bad. In any event, REM's song does rock. Call it the single of the year. It's anybody's guess what the verses are supposed to be about, but the chorus (the title) says it all.

TV SHOW OF THE YEAR

Max Headroom (now cancelled).

ROCK VIDEO OF THE YEAR

Who cares?

MOST UNNECESSARY ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE YEAR

The twentieth anniversary of the release of *Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band*. An okay record, but ...

QUOTE OF THE YEAR:

"There is a bitter bile in my throat these days." (Ronald Reagan, December 1st 1986; technically not 1987, of course, but given our print deadlines for a January issue — December 2nd — it does qualify). The man with the 'most important job in the world' was apparently trying to convince us he was perturbed and genuinely concerned with certain *bad business* and *basic misconduct* which had apparently been going on behind his back (under his nose? between his ears? choose your favorite cliché). Or maybe he didn't give a shit about Iranagate. Maybe he was speaking literally. Maybe there really was bile in his throat, a symptom of his yet undetected terminal cancer. Some things you just can't know for sure.

Bill Mullan



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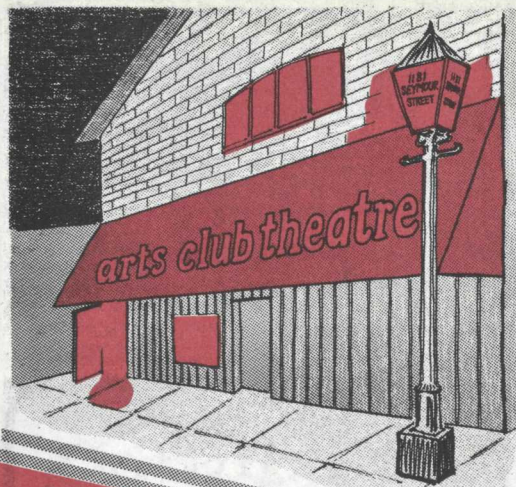


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2 New Year's Eve Party Continues
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8/9 Record Release Party
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10 **ART OPENING —**
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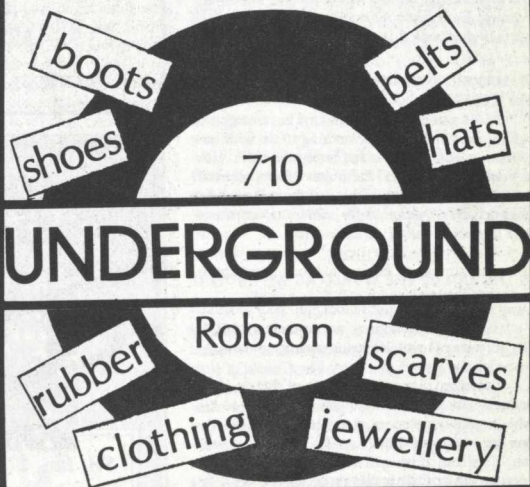
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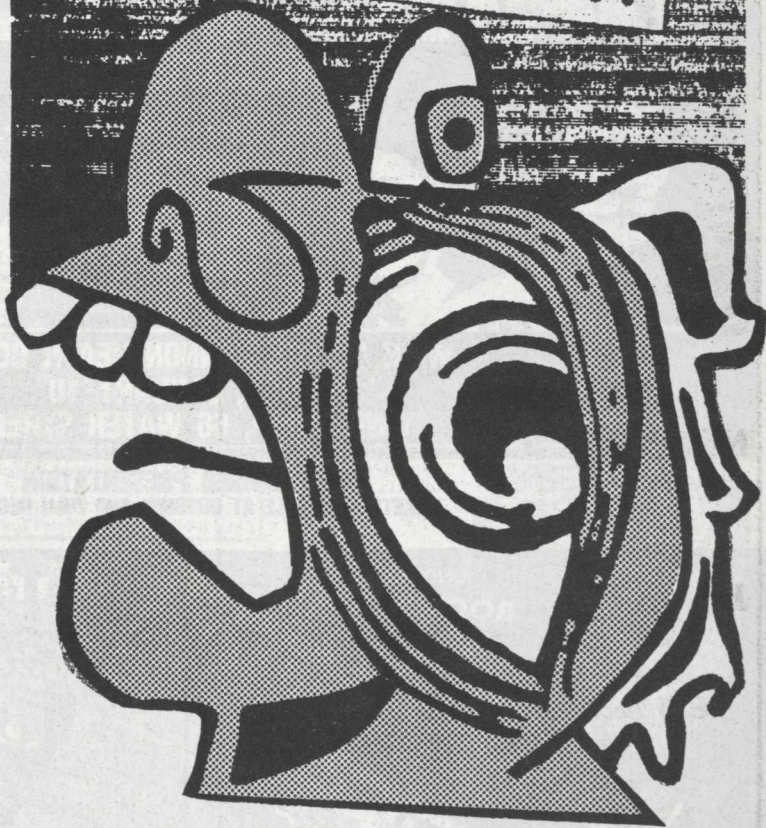


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WHAT KIND OF YEAR DID YOU HAVE ????



D

id you ever have one of those days? You know, where nothing seemed to go the way you wanted

it to? Where no matter how carefully you stepped, you always landed in shit? And the harder you tried to make it better, the worse it got? We all have days like that. Many have weeks we'd rather just forget about. But a whole year? Is that possible?

There are times in our lives when we must go through a transition. In order to grow, one must change. And change is tough. It starts with a period of self-loathing. An intense denial of your own personal wrath. You doubt your own values and become dependent on others for support and direction. You no longer trust your own judgement. Your life becomes a continuing stream of crisis situations. You can't cope. You panic. All you want to do is escape. So you run away and hide. You quit school, quit your job, put your possessions in storage or scatter them amongst friends. You leave town, leave the country, run away, run away, run away.

And in the beginning, exile is wonderful. It's the best time you've ever had in your life. You can go anywhere, do anything, see everything. You can be anyone you've ever wanted to be. You wish this feeling could last forever.

Of course, it doesn't. Freedom becomes laziness. Laziness turns into apathy. Those ugly feelings you tried to run away from finally catch up with you. You're a coward. Weak and stupid. You have no direction except to keep running. Only it's hard to run when you don't even want to get out of bed.

It's time to go home.

Home, where nothing has changed, except that you have to start all over again. You're broke, you need a job. Only this time it'll be different. You'll get a job that pays a lot of money for doing exactly what you want to do. Sure. You gave up your apartment when you left so you need one of those too. But you're broke, you need a job. But how can you find work without a place to stay?

If you're lucky, you have family or a girlfriend or someone who cares enough for you to put you up and put up with you until you can get on your feet again. Someone who will feed you and give you a place to sleep and comfort you and push you so you can help yourself.

And all the time the stress adds up and adds up. Because of all the things you've given away — your money, your job, your possessions, your home — the one thing you don't have that you need more than anything else, is your self-esteem. And without that, every situation is stressful, every activity is a challenge, every setback is total and complete rejection. Everything is blown out of proportion. You hate yourself more than ever. You hate the world for allowing you to do this to yourself. Then you hate yourself some more, because it wasn't the world's fault, only yours.

The hate and the self-loathing do pass, in time, and slowly sanity returns. Bit by bit, the pieces do fall back into place. You get a job, not a great job, not even a good one, it has nothing to do with what you want in life but it pays. A bit. At least now you can buy food and help with the rent. The guilt of living as a homeless waif has been lifted. You can make a contribution again. You're a human being again.

Of course this isn't the end of all your troubles. C'mon you're still human. You're still going to be hurt. And you're a long way from the level of confidence and self-esteem that you were at before this all started. So you've got a job. Big stinking deal. Five bucks an hour to get up at 4:30 in the morning, ride your bike over the Lion's Gate Bridge (rain or shine) 'cause the stinking buses don't run that early — all so you can flog over-rated coffee at over-inflated prices.

Soon you hate the job and it hates you. Time to quit before you get fired. You're on a job search again.

Job search has got to be one of the ugliest, most terrifying, most stressful experiences imaginable. You feel like shit because you don't have a job, but you have to go out, every day and try to convince a pack of strangers that you're the greatest thing since the disposable cat box. You're forced to feed them a pack of lies because if you stick to the truth you'd never get hired in a million years. But you've also got to be prepared to live up to those same lies if somehow the impossible happens and you do get hired.

And then one day, it does happen. "Welcome to the team." You've landed yourself a job you actually want. It's almost perfect. It's in your field of expertise, you're working with people you know and like. You can do anything you want, and get paid to do it.

You've realised a dream. And that is the most frightening reality of all. Dreams don't belong in the real world. They are a product of the mind and the imagination. So far, your life has been a conflict, between those unpleasant activities you must do to survive (like working for a living) and those you do for pleasure and fulfilment. Over time you've developed a 'day-job' mentality. Now, faced with a day-job that you don't have to hate, you're confused. The goal you've spent the last year racing toward has been realised, before you were ready for it.

This has been some year. Over-loaded with frustration, rejection, anger, depression, disappointment and anxiety. And ending up exactly where you wanted to be. It's time for a holiday.

Dave Campbell

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w/GUESTS FROM WINERES

25 **NO TOWNERS**
AND DR. AXELROD

UNDERGROUND
ROCK 'N ROLL

2 **NO FUN**
w/GUESTS 8 GARDINERS AND 9

5 **hangmen**
w/GUESTS 7 AVANT

12 **deadcats**
w/GUESTS 13 BEFORE THE STORM

14 **SOREHEADS**
w/GUESTS 15 WITH HEADSTICKS AND 16 STICK FIGURES

20 **alien heirs**
w/GUESTS 21 WITH SYNDROME

28 **sick ones**
w/GUESTS 29 NEO MORTE AND 30 GUESTS

26 **WUNDERBRED**
w/GUESTS 27 AGOGO L STICK THEORY

23 **TIPPY**
w/GUESTS 24 ABDOEN THE

18 **PLASTIC MAX**
w/GUESTS 19 HARMONICA VIRGINS

22 **BADNOISE**
RECORD RELEASE w/APPEARANCE BY J. BROWNEATER

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Mondays:
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27 JOKES WITH SYNDROME	28 JOKES WITH ATOM	29 PLASTIC MAX WITH DSF	30 PLASTIC MAX WITH IDIOTSTICK
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A 7 SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE RHEOSTATICS

What's the typical type of sandwich eaten in Toronto: Egg Salad.

How many of you scuba dive: 2.

What's your favorite type of soap: Ivory.

Nardwuar the Human Serviette

TOP TEN ALBUMS OF 1987

(in no particular order)

- a) 54-40: "Show Me"
- well worth the wait
- b) Cannon Heath Down: "Heartthrob Companion"
- brilliant local debut
- c) Miracle Legion: "Surprise, Surprise, Surprise"
- semi-folky, jangly stuff from Connecticut
- d) Guadalcanal Diary: "2 X 4"
- Athens boys just keep getting better
- e) Dif Juz: "Out of the Trees"
- gorgeous "organic" (as opposed to synthetic) progressive
- f) Compilation: "Lonely Is An Eyesore"
- beautifully packaged 4AD sampler with the likes of Throwing Muses, Wolfgang Press, Clan of Xymox, etc.
- g) Richard Toro/John Orsi: "Music for Bass and Drumset"
- minimal, incredible, from Boston
- h) Replacements: "Pleased to Meet Me"
- inexhaustible talent and guts
- i) Plan 9: "Sea Hunt"
- from Rhode Island, New Sensibility r 'n' r
- j) The Mighty Lemon Drops: "Out of Hand"
- what Echo and Bunnymen should sound like

The Vinyl Frontier (Thurs. 5:30-8 p.m.)



FAVORITE SOAPS OF THE STARS

Blaire Petrie - Pears

Plan 9 - Dial

Curious George - Zest

Dave Gregg - Isotope Soap

Rheostatics - Ivory

Carmaig de Forest - liquid soap, the kind you can slither around on sheets of black plastic.

Colin Upton - Lux

Compiled by Nardwuar the Human Serviette



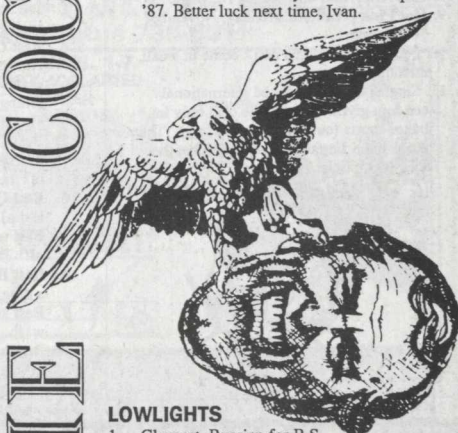
RON REYNOLDS REVIEWS THE YEAR 1987

HIGHLIGHTS

1. Ollie North - a true patriot.
2. Americans capture the Iranian Mine Layer.
3. Americans blow up the Iranian Oil Derrick.
4. Americans attacking Iranians in general.
5. The demise of Gary "your cheating" Hart.
6. Liberace myth exploded.
7. Alexander Haig announces his candidacy for Presidency.
8. Free trade comes to the Great White North. Maybe. If lily-livered Mulroney has the guts.
9. Canada's boys giving those Russkies a licking at the World Junior Hockey Championships. Politicians take note. The only way to deal with the Bolsheviks' expansionist policy is to cross check them back to Moscow.
10. Team Canada's victory in Canada Cup '87. Better luck next time, Ivan.

COCKROACH

YEAR OF THE



LOWLIGHTS

1. Glasnost. Russian for B.S.
2. Western Press buys Gorbachev scam.
3. Amerika, the TV series. True patriots would never surrender to the Bolshies.
4. Direct hit on the S.S. Stark. This means war!
5. NFL strike didn't last long enough. They're all overpaid anyway.
6. Bill Casey dies without overthrowing Managuan menace.
7. Namby-pambys in Ottawa refuse to reinstate capital punishment. They should all be hung.
8. Vander Zalm wilts under pinko pressure. Fails to privatize everything immediately.
9. Contragate. When will somebody admit that the real villain is the commy-dupe marxist-manipulated liberal media?
10. The death of Rene Levesque. Any enemy of Trudeau — the man who single-handedly destroyed this fine country — is a friend of mine.

Ron Reynolds is an ex-patriot American who loves Canada and any other country where freedom is sacred and there's lots of wild animals to shoot. A Korean War veteran and successful home-security-system salesman, he is an outspoken critic of liberals, namby-pambys, dupes, do-gooders, and bleeding hearts. A longtime CTR editorialist, Ron voted for Bill Vander Zalm and will continue to do so. He's slightly overweight and has a red face which has nothing to do with communism.

TOP TEN THINGS OF 1987

1. Got pummelled by eight meathead jocks at the Arts Club.
2. Got smacked in the head by a wimp accompanied by three meathead jocks at the Arts Club.
3. Actually landed a couple of punches in first altercation.
4. Met Al Waxman at the Arts Club. Gave him a free pack of mints.
5. Met Martin Mull in Pasadena at Don Bull's graduation (he was attracted to me by my orange and green banana tuxedo).
6. Saw my first major league ball game and met Willie Randolph in the elevator of the Marriott afterward; complemented him on a great game, then found out he was on the in jury list.
7. New food store "Food Stop" opens on Commercial near Joe's Cafe. As a memento of my first visit, I purchase a copy of "Easy Rider" and a bag of popcorn.
8. *Life After Bed* dies after 4 1/2 years.
9. *Hot Pink* premieres Monday, November 30th at 6pm.
10. Found out condoms don't come in small, medium and large.
11. Singlehandedly initiated international condom giveaway fad while clad only in boxer shorts (outside SUB building). Then those scum Engineers stole my idea, the fuckin' weasels.



Garnet Harry



JEROME BROADWAY'S BEST OF 1987

1. **Best Movie:** "Full Metal Jacket"
2. **Best Single:** "Big Decision" - That Petrol Emotion
3. **Best Concert Moment:** The Pogues (with Joe Strummer) perform "London Calling" in the Commodore, December 7th.
4. **Best Civil Disaster:** A fully loaded Northwest Orient Airlines MD-80 disintegrates into a strip of Detroit highway, killing several commuters and all aboard the aircraft, save for an infant child.
5. **Best Case for booking with a reputable Travel Agent:** 174 Tamils found floating off the coast of Newfoundland.
6. **Best Quote:** "I am not a bimbo!" (Jessica Hahn)
7. **Best name of an entrant in a Chili cook-off:** Pit Bowl Chili.
8. **Best Big Brother Experience:** Undergoing a drug test in Seattle.
9. **Best stupid fashion trend:** Anything acid wash.
10. **Best hackneyed cliché:** "You're lucky to have a job," or "At least you're working."

TRIBES & SHADOWS TOP TEN FOR '87

Tribes and Shadows is a one-hour program that explores ritual, myth and magic, particularly "exotic" cultural ideas/patterns in relation to Western forms of thought. Its content ranges from new musics to the ethnic and exotic.

1. John Hassell - "Power Spot" (ECM)
2. Yasuaki Shimizu - "Music for Commercials" (Crammed Discs)
3. John Adams - "The Chairman Dances" (Nonesuch)
4. Sussan Diehm/Richard Horowitz - "Desert Equations" (C.D.)
5. U2 - "The Joshua Tree"
6. Mark Isham/Jeremy Irons - "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" (Windham Hill)
7. Meredith Monk - "Do You Be" (ECM)
8. Omette Coleman - "In All Languages" (Caravan of Dreams)
9. David Torn - "Cloud About Mercury" (ECM)
10. Carlos Alomar - "Dream Generator" (Private Music)



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE: MY SPECIAL MOMENTS, 1987

Like the sign says, below are some of the highlights provided by the entertainment industry in 1987. Don't be led astray. Anybody who tells you that none of this is true just doesn't know the meaning of investigative journalism.

This year's "nervous nellie" must be Doug Collins, the Hangin' Journalist his own bad self, who as the unlikely Master of Ceremonies for the Vancouver Folk Music Festival explained he was on "a mission from God — the right God." Doug actually did a pretty fair job until he read the Woody Guthrie inscription on Billy Bragg's guitar and couldn't continue as he feared for his life.

Remember when Thomas Hobbs (florist) and Valerie Gibson (aging debutante) graced the end page of *Vancouver Magazine* with their luncheon chatter? Save that article — you'll want to reread it for years to come. Apparently the editors found this exchange too racy for the Kerrisdale crowd.

TH: Valerie!! What's wrong? You're blushing like a pregnant school marm.

VG: Never use "marm" in front of me, Thomas. And I must confess, I'm a little bashful about revealing this, but I'm on the guest list for the return of Fishbone tonite at Graceland, where they've graciously extended an invitation backstage in order to show me, time permitting of course, just how to walk

the dog.

TH: Old hat, dear. I've tried it before, and, frankly, they're not that good. The choreography, I mean.

True to form, Stacey Q. ("Two of Hearts") insisted that the opening act at her 86 St. concert/fashion show extravaganza be none other than Country Dick Montana, who took time out from his usual role as the folk-jazz mystic of the Beat Farmers to front his beloved fuck-band Snot Fondue. Country Dick mentioned that although scheduling was tight, he was simply delighted to oblige, as he had been thinking of getting out of mac jackets and Miller caps for a couple of months now and the evening couldn't help but build confidence in his new direction.

If you're unable to fit a movie into that busy schedule, but feel out of touch with the silver screen, relax. I've provided capsule summaries of the best of cinema in 1987.

SAMMY & ROSIE GET LAID

A moving glimpse of male bonding involving Rosie Greer, All-Pro defensive end turned FTD man, and ex-Lion Sammy Greene, doing double duty these days as slotback and drug addict. The film details Rosie's attempt to show Sammy that despite his cocaine problem, he's still a "brother."

DATE WITH AN ANGEL

Based on Lenny Bruce's adaptation of *Inferno*, this locally-produced thriller takes us to the abyss that is the Savoy, where we find Garnet cancelling the Shindig finals and promising a "Jokes for Beer" sixpack to Joey the Punk if he can entertain us for the rest of the evening.

CRY, FREEDOM

Worried that he might be responsible for another *Gandhi*, director Richard Attenborough went slumming for this film, the zany adventures of a frat-rock band touring the Midwest with their mascot/manager Freedom Fiftyfive. It looks bleak when Freedom's father cancels their line of credit in an Omaha com-field, but the boys' never-say-die attitude is epitomized by the drummer's stirring address to their inconsolable manager, "You don't have to cry, Freedom — we can do the show right here!!" It's a landmark moment in film.

Feel free to quote liberally from these reviews while at the office or during a break in dinner conversation. People will be amazed at your grasp on the entertainment world. I hope you had fun in 1987. If any of these items ring a bell, you probably did. Dress warmly in 1988, and remember, in the words of CBS Records, 1968: "THE MAN CAN'T BUST OUR MUSIC."

Michael Dezell

- Question authority: they stammer when they answer. Good source of entertainment.
- Partake in attitude adjusting activities such as shopping, meditating, doing drugs, seeing a shrink, laughing, working out.
- Get smart: learn more about AIDS, be sexually creative.
- Say yes.
- Say no.
- Create money. It's a part of being able to survive: use whatever means seem most appropriate under prevailing circumstances. Give and take. Scam.
- Accept fear as part of the deal.
- Eat lots of chocolate.

- U2 will disappear in the Bermuda Triangle
- Don Johnson will have his shaver fixed and fall into obscurity
- Due to an odd series of coincidences Pat Paulsen will be elected President of the U.S.A.
- Keith Richards will renounce sex, drugs, and rock & roll, and become a Jesuit Priest causing registration to go up 243% in the first quarter.
- Michael Jackson will have \$400,000 worth of plastic surgery which will return him to the way he used to look. He'll then release a record of remixed old hits and call it "Good Boy."
- Maggie Thatcher will make the world book of records for the size of her hemorrhoids.
- An ex-Rolling Stone staffer will discover the first 100 issues in a cardboard box tucked away in his basement making it possible for archaeologists to determine what actually did happen during the sixties.
- Within the next 60 days UFO's will appear over the White House and abscond with Ronald Reagan. He and they will never be seen again.
- A new Messiah will be discovered in California. She will be black and base her gospel on interracial marriages. She will be assassinated by a white male but, wonder of wonders, she will rise up from the dead, thereby preventing a catastrophic inter-racial/inter-sexual war. Her philosophy shall then bring peace to the earth for five thousand years.

1. Huge newspaper headlines will again become popular. I mean huge ones with giant black print!
2. hjkhjklhjklhjklhjklhjkljhkhjhkhjhkhjhkhjhkhjkl
hjkhjhkhjhkhjklkljhkhjhkhjghkhjhkhjklkj
3. Roman Numerals will come back in style.
Nardwar the Human Serviette

CITR—UBC Radio / 6138 SUB Blvd. / Van. B.C. / V6T 2A5

A black and white portrait of a man with a beard and a wide-brimmed hat, framed by a decorative border. The man has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the left. The hat is light-colored with a dark band. The background of the portrait is dark and textured. The border is ornate with floral and scrollwork patterns.

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ENCHANTED
EVENINGS
BEGIN WITH
THE DOGS

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bob's your uncle

a merry cow

slaughter house hens

d.o.a.

suffer machine

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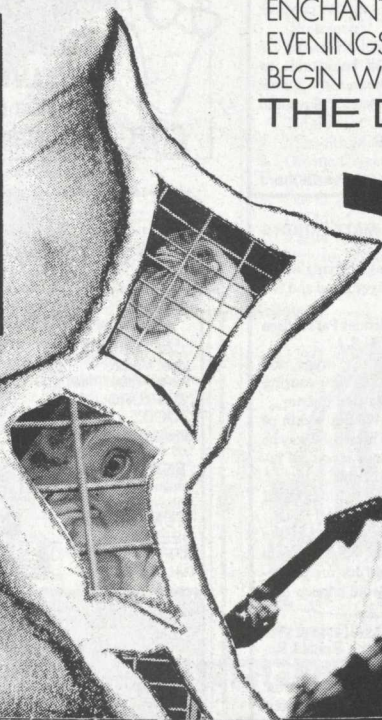
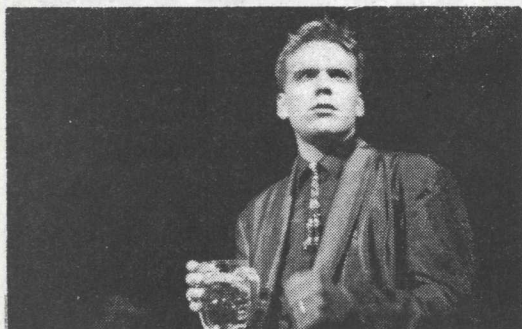
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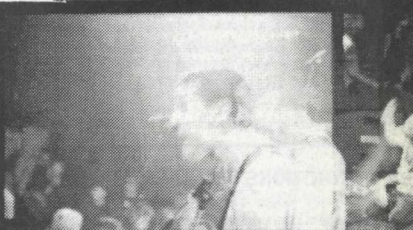
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tippy-a-go-go

rythmn mission



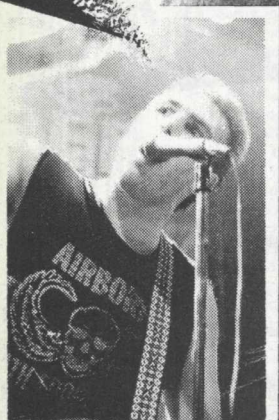
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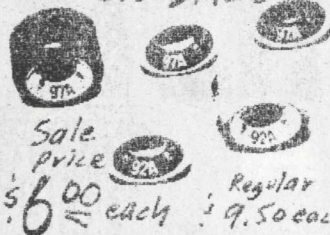
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m8

amputee jugglers from bethlehem will arrive

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LOCAL MOTION



Well, another year's gone by with vultures like me just watching and waiting for the first glimmers of an emerging new teen-hard-music-craze for the '90's (after all, I was too young and in the wrong suburb for punk, and will be too old for what comes next). So far there hasn't been much sign of it locally in 1987 (at least in part because *Slow* broke up in late '86), and the nearest thing I've seen in touring bands must be *Firehose* and the *Butthole Surfers*.

So what has happened this past year? Well, besides starting graduate school, adopting a kitten, and finally getting my turn signals fixed, I've heard *The Hoodoo Gurus*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *Northern Pikes*, *Iggy Pop*, *REM* and, of course, *U2* (among others) make the big transition to my Demon's AM radio. I was converted to the church of the *Butthole Surfers* (okay, so what if I had my fingers over my eyes half the time?), and was an active fan at gigs by *Redd Kross*, *Sonic Youth*, *The Screaming Sirens*, *Mr. T. Experience*, *The Dead Milkmen*, *The Cowboy Junkies*, and, as always, *The Young Fresh Fellows* (to name but a few).

The Canadian Independent Music Festival was so successful that people around here said next year it'd be the *International Independent Music Festival*, for unfortunately for bands and music fans across the country, *Cattle Prod* broke up shortly afterwards. *The Groovaholics*, *Zealots*, *Love Club* and *Animal Slaves* (almost) also disintegrated in '87, while the *Enigmas* reformed for the *Zulu Revue* in the spring and then sparked rumours of a *real* reunion by playing a couple more gigs after. As for the *Sub-humans* — well, I never saw them back in their heyday, but their show in July had what looked like every local musician with "punk credibility" slamming and

stage-diving and made me feel wildly sentimental for what I had missed.

A few things that lots of us *thought* would happen this past year didn't. For instance, *Art Bergmann* isn't world famous yet (although I hear he's just been signed to *Duke Street Records*) A *Merry Cow*'s record isn't out yet (but I've seen the cover art and it's great!), and *CITR* still hasn't been given permission to go high(er) power.

Here are the names of a few artists who had demos at the station (and in this column) in 1987:

A *Merry Cow* - *Pete Archer* - *Biff Hackett* (*The Young Adults*) - *Cannon Heath Down* - *Chemistry Set* (from Seattle) - *The Crash Dummies* - *Crypt Kicker 5* (also from Seattle) - *Decline of the English Murder* - *5 On A Date* (from Victoria) - *Five Year Fuck* - *Flammable Animal* - *The Highliners* (from London, England) - *The Hip Type* - *Ralph Cameron Johnston* - *The Kingpins* (now *Nervous Fellas*) - *The Last Corvairs* - *Love Club* - *Monuments Galore* - *The Now Feeling* (from Calgary) - *The Paladins* - *The Rainwalkers* (originally *The Void*) - *Renegade Raspberry Retaliation* (from Northampton) - *Retinal Circus* - *Roots Roundup* - *Silent Gathering* - *The Sons of Freedom* - *Stubborn Blood* - *Technotribe* - *X Four* - *Tree of Plenty* - *Ultramarine* - *The Wardells* (from Victoria).

(my apologies to those misspelled or left out!)

As for local truly independent records that came out (i.e., without major label distribution or anything like it) some were by:

Bamff - *Bob's Your Uncle* - *Cannon Heath Down* - *Family Plot* - *The Hip Type* - *No Means No* - *Oversoul Seven*.



And here's my personal kind of short and dull Best and Worst list (since Julia didn't help me this year):

Best Gig - *The Butthole Surfers* (whichever time you were most stoned, and didn't have to stand too long in line to get in. *Not* to be confused with Most Danceable Gig).

Worst Gig - Choose one (and remember, how good the band was is irrelevant): a) Anything at B.C. Place, b) Anything at 86 Street, c) Anything at Thunderbird Arena.

Best Musical Trend (or is it my imagination?) - Playing loud! (again)

Worst Musical Trend - Bands that just *stand* there looking like they wish they could be in a nice safe studio somewhere.

Most Unbelievable Piece of Legislation to be voted on soon in the *House of Commons* - Bill C54, the "anti-pornography" bill that would not only limit access to sex-education, but make it illegal to look at a photograph portraying both an exposed female breast and a person under 18. (So much for breastfeeding!)

So, happy new year, and don't forget to go to lots of gigs and write your MP!



Janis

DIS CHORD



It's safe to say we get way more than twenty new records a week at CTR. Yes, some of them wander in totally misdirected (the latest Fleetwood Mac album for instance), but for the most part, there's usually someone around who's intrigued enough to give at least a brief listen. Sometimes very brief. Suffice it to say, we don't come close to reviewing everything in *Discorder Magazine*. Such is the nature of this magazine you're holding. It's woefully incomplete. If this is news to you, we apologize. Nevertheless, we do try at *Discorder* (and that's what really matters, isn't it?). In the past year, some fifty-odd albums, tapes, etc. received some sort of critical notice in the magazine. What follows, then, is a flashback.

XTC/Skylarking

The strange thing is that even though it sounds like 1968, it is far more interesting than most of the stuff that was floating across the airwaves in those heady days.

NEW ORDER/Brotherhood

By God, there's even a bit of mirth, a little laughter to bring us all back from the dead (no Joy, however).

NURSE WITH WOUND/Spiral Insana

Thankfully, Mr. Stapleton has no academic musical training. This means that he is free to traipse through the psyche and incorporate any deviant notion that strikes his fancy.

COURAGE OF LASSIE/The Temptation to Exist

The darkness evokes resignation rather than depression; the brightness evokes courage rather than happiness.

NOMEANSNO/Sex Mad

Sex Mad is about what happens when you live at home with your parents for too long. It's about what happens when you go out with too many unstable women. It's about what happens when life sucks.

THE THE/Infected

He's flexing his musical biceps with stuff that ends up being very commercial, but full of nasty little goodies.

COLIN NEWMAN/Commercial Suicide

Picture this: a middle aged Mr. Newman with hemorrhoids taking his long awaited creative shit expecting the usual solid pop mass, but appearing instead is the dreaded droning drip drip leading to early retirement. But I do like this album ...

SNFU/If You Swear, You'll Catch No Fish

This is the type of music that your neighbors will continue to scream over (remember when your older brother started that trend with his KISS albums?).

THE BEASTIE BOYS/Licensed to Ill

The deal is, you see, that their lyrics are the completely standard sexist ravings of three young apparently not too bright would-be rock gods who want only to party.

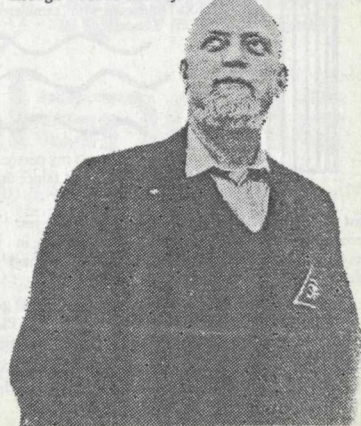
VARIOUS ARTISTS/Potatoes

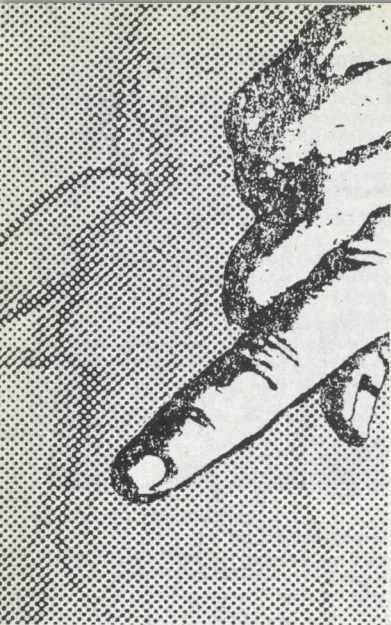
Everybody here takes liberties with the folk idiom, to varying degrees, but surprise! it's actually listenable.

DEAD CAN DANCE

Within the Realm of a Dying Sun

The music projects strong images of tall abandoned gothic towers with ghost-like silhouettes slinking through webbed hallways.





SAMANTHA FOX/Touch Me

I put this in my comedy album section.

CRIMINAL ELEMENT ORCHESTRA

Put the Needle to the Record

Stretch your under-used surrealist imagination into sensing what it would be like to be an organic drum kit.

NUMB/Blue Light

Industrial grunge. The kerrang! of heavy steel, the digital rhythms of machine intelligence. But wait. There're melodies slinking around in the mix (hints of them, anyway).

LAST EXIT/The Noise of Trouble (Live In Tokyo)

When it works, it's a kick to the head. When it doesn't, though, it's simply in trouble.

MANTRONIX/Music Madness

If the Beastie Boys play sophomoric jinks to entertain pre-pubescent teens, then Mantronix play gritty hip hop blues for beaniks. They're just too damn cool to be numero uno on the hit parade.

GRACE JONES/Inside Story

It is no exaggeration to call this the dulllest record of the year, even if it is only February.

CONDITION/Red, Hot and Blue

The problem is inherent in the whole concept behind the band. It seems anchored in a nostalgia for a time and place neither I nor the band lived through, if it ever existed. It just doesn't click.

MOTORHEAD/Orgasmatron

The result is a skull-crunching, brain-sucking, ear-slicing assault that must be heard to be understood.

HUSKER DU/Warehouse: Songs and Stories

They still sound fresh and somewhat novel as they continue to map out the territory of hard-edged pop.

GO FOUR 3/Six Friends

a) Steve Quinn knows how to write great pop songs, b) time in the studio is always well spent, and c) they have progressed greatly since their eponymous 1985 EP.

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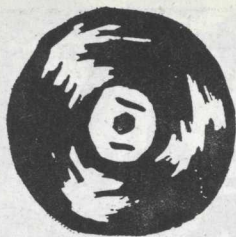
LEVIS
501

THEY'VE BEEN THERE AND BACK

APACHE
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LEVIS
501's



STYLE COUNCIL/The Cost of Living

This is the man who broke up The Jam at their peak because he didn't want them to end up like The Who or The Stones, an outdated dinosaur. Can he have changed? Can he keep his principles and social conscience deliberately suppressed?

D.O.A./True (North), Strong & Free

This album has a point of view that only Canadians could have. Despite many economic factors, we stand outside the superpowers and possess a more removed attitude than many other nations. D.O.A. show that you can do this and formulate a coherent world view without becoming aloof.

RITA McNEIL/Flying on Your Own

Probably too mellow for the tastes of CTR listeners, but nevertheless a creditable effort which will give well-deserved recognition to this hard-working, big-hearted woman.

RUDY SCHWARTZ PROJECT

Bowling for Appliances

Check out this unique tape if you still have a sense of humour and appreciate the cultural contributions of Ernest Borgnine.

WIRE/The Ideal Copy

They have picked up exactly where they left off. That it sounds fresh and contemporary is evidence enough of the group having been an influential force in its later days.

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS/No Pain for Cakes

Marginally eccentric music such as this may not be to everyone's taste, but then neither are caviar and single malt whiskey.



MARK STEWART & MAFFIA

Mark Stewart & Maffia

There are places where you could be incarcerated for listening to this music. It is subversive. It hums, it scratches, it pumps. It is difficult. It is not easy listening.

OVERSOUL SEVEN/Fool Revelation

I hope that the boys fall in love or get high on chocolate or have great sex before they write their next songs; this album must have been written through some rotten relationships. Lighten up, guys!

THE CULT/Electric

The Cult are to Led Zeppelin what Glass Tiger are to U2, what the Alarm are to The Clash, what Skinny Puppy are to Einsturzende Neubauten, Dan Hill to Bob Dylan, Bryan Adams to Bruce Springsteen, Ronald Reagan to John Wayne, Gary Hart to John F. Kennedy, Jim Jones to Jesus Christ. The word is UNNECESSARY.

JOHN FRENCH, FRED FRITH ETC.

Live, Larf and Loaf

The total effect is like ... I'm reaching here ... what if Syd Barrett formed a group with Jeff Beck and called it Pogue Floyd?

REM/Document

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THE WASHINGTON SQUARES

Washington Squares

The final major flaw with the disk is that there is not one truly memorable track. Not a tune that lodges in your brain, nagging you to play it again and again because you can't get enough.

BILL BRUFORD/Earthworks

This album is titillating in its vision, colour and performance (sorry kiddies, no vocals).

MARIANNE FAITHFULL/Strange Weather

Sharpen your razor blades, roll up your sleeves, dim the lights and put this album on. If you survive the first cut, it'll grow on you.

YELLO/One Second

Personally, I can't think of too many things more boring than listening to the refrigerated rhythms of Yello on *One Second*.

MEREDITH MONK/Do You Be

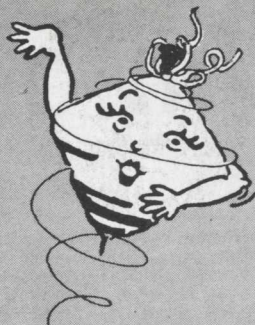
Monk's wordless chanting-singing has enough spiritual balls to transcend you to the next plane.

PEOPLE STILL
SAY
"BOOGIE!"



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don chow's 1987

COOL THURSDAY IN THE MT

The Chameleons
Nitzer Ebb
The Woodentops
The Cure
New Order
The The
That Petrol Emotion
Steve Silk Hurley

LOCAL INDEPENDENCE

NoMeansNo
Oversoul Seven
D.O.A.
Bamff
Go Four 3
Cannon Heath Down
Bob's Your Uncle
Skinny Puppy
Moov
The Waterwalk
Numb
Emily/Frank Rothkam
The Flip Type
Family Plot
Grapes of Wrath

ARE THEY ALLOWED TO SAY THAT?

Big Black
Sun City Girls
Butthole Surfers
Killdozer

COMPILED

Various Artists
Various Artists
Various Artists
Various Artists

Various Artists
Various Artists
Various Artists
Various Artists

DEF

SCHOOLY-D
ALBUM
PUBLIC ENEMY
MANTRONIX
SINGULAR

The Residents
Dub Syndicate
Psychic TV
The Jesus &
Mary Chain
Front 242
DJ Jazzy Jeff &
Fresh Prince

Danielle Dax
The Woodentops
Godley & Creme
Tammy Faye Bakker

Current 93

SWAMP THING
LET YOUR BODY LEARN
EVERYDAY LIVING
WAY CAN + I BE YOU
BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE
HEARTIAN
BIG DECISION
JACK YOUR BODY

Sex Mad
Fool Revelation
True (North), Strong & Free
Come Outside
Six Friends
Heart Throb Companion
Bob's Your Uncle
Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate
Waiting
The Waterwalk
Blue Light
Fisch III
Let Me In
Convictions
Treehouse

Songs About Fucking
Horse Cock Phepner
Locut Abortion Technician
Burl

Potatoes
Lonely is an Eyesore
Smack My Crack
Fuck Your Dreams, This is
Heaven
Sounds of Now!
Animal Liberation
Project One
Kick it! The Def Jam
Sampler (1)

SATURDAY NIGHT - THE

YO! BUM RUSH THE SHOW
MUSIC MADNESS

Kaw-liga
Night Train
Magick Defends Itself

April Skies
Interception/Masterhit

Girls Ain't Nothin' but
Trouble
Where the Flies Are
Everyday Living
Snack Attack
The Ballad of Jim &
Tammy
Happy Birthday Pigface
Christus

SOUNDTRACKING

Abigail Mead/Various
Various Artists
John Zorn

SERIOUS

Arto Part
Kronos Quartet
John Adams
Jon Hassell
Mendeth Monk
Various Artists

SPEED

Anthrax
Corrosion of
Conformity
D.R. 1.

CHUBBY

FATS COMET
TACKHEAD
MARK STEWART + MAFIA
St. CHE
MEGA-AIRPLAY

Billy Bragg
Camper Van Beethoven
African Headcharge
Yello
Nitzer Ebb
Einsturzende Neubauten
Culturcide
Wire
Graeme Revell
Eugene Chadbourne
54-40
The Coolies
That Petrol Emotion
The Beastie Boys
Frightwig
Husker Du
Firehose
K.D. Lang
The The
Holger Czukay
Ginger Baker
Golden Palominos
Kalahari Surfers
Prince
Young Fresh Fellows
Major Nixon & Skid Roper
R.E.M.
Lime Spiders
Chris Spedding
Last Exit
Tom Waits
Public Image Limited
Dukes of Stratosphear
Screaming Blue
Messiahs

SPOKEN

Robert Anton Wilson
Judy Radul
Anna Malkin

Full Metal Jacket
Straight to Hell
The Big Gundown

Arkos
White Man Sleeps
The Chairman Dances
Power Spot
Do You Be
Impact

Among the Living

Technocracy
Crossover

ROCKCHESTER
THE GAME/FREE SOUTH AFRICA
MARK STEWART
BE MY ... (POWERSTATION)

Talking with the Taxman ...
Camper Van Beethoven
Off the Beaten Track
One Second
That Total Age
Fuent Auf Der Nach Ober Offenen
Tacky Souveniers of ... America
The Ideal Copy/Snakedrill
The Insect Musicians
LSDC & W
Show Me
Dig?
Babble
Licensed to Ill
Faster Frightwig Kill Kill
Warehouse: Songs and Stories
Ragin' Full-On
Angel with a Lariat
Infected
Rome Remains Rome
Horses and Trees
Blast of Silence
Sleep Armed
Sign 'O' the Times
The Men who Loved Music
Bo-Day-Shus!!!
Document No. 5
The Cave Comes Alive
The Enemy Within
The Noise of Trouble
Frank's Wild Years
Happy?
Psonic Pspot

Bikini Red

Secrets of Power
The Dream of Naming
A Knife Feels Better in my
Hand

DEC.

LAST
CORCAIRAS

28
REDEMPTION
REGGAE

29
THE HIP TYPE
with guests

30
**JAZZMANIAN
DEVILS**

Coming in January

FAMILY PLOT
TONY BIRD
THE ROGUE FOLK CLUB
RHYTHM MISSION

SAVOY

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1988

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THE JAZZMANIAN DEVILS
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SALES**

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FOR XMAS**

Sun. Dec. 20

BAMMS and THE VELVETEENS

Sat. Dec. 26

**CLUB SODA'S 1ST ANNUAL
BOXING DAY JAM**

Sun. Dec. 27

FAMILY PLOT

Mon. Dec. 28

**ROCKABILLY CHRISTMAS
PARTY with**

THE STINGING HORNETS

Sun. Jan. 3

CRASH BANG CRUNCH POP

Sun. Jan. 10

ONE RIDDIM

Sun. Jan. 17

CJIV BENEFIT

Sun. Jan. 24

NERVOUS FELLAS

Sun. Jan. 31

THE HANGMEN

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- Spanakotiropita, Saganaki, Lukaniko
- Souvlakia, Mousaka, Kalamaria
- And much, much more!
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NEW SHIPMENT ARRIVED



OnTheDial

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

RANDOM DESIGNS

7:30-10:00 am

"Can you catch exploding bunnies from hell? What do you do with them once you catch them? Do you care?" A show for apathetic fur-bearing humanoids. Join Melissa for your weekly dose of superficiality.

SOUP OF THE DAY

11:00 am-1:00 pm

If you can swallow this, you'll be ready for the real world, but then again... it might make you sick... you'll never be ready! —Prison Cook: Captain K.

CRAPSHOOT

5:30-6:00 pm

Insightful political discourse and acid-tongued debate fill the airwaves every week as members of UBC's Liberal, Conservative and NDP clubs discuss the events of the day. Keeping it all in perspective is moderator Ed Sapulveda.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY

12:30-4:00 am

Ever tasted blood?... Ever run your hand through warm guts?... Well I have... don't feel like nothin'.

TUESDAYS

PEST CONTROL

11:00-1:00 pm

Welcome to the Roach Motel. I'm Jerome Broadway, the caretaker. Don't mind those ugly, multi-legged hairy creatures crawling up your leg. They're just Mother's pests. Igor! Crank up the music!

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

1:00-3:00 pm

Every Tuesday, music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to.

THE ORAL DAVE RADIO SHOW

3:00-5:00 pm

—There are no quick and easy answers—

RECTAL RECTITUDE

5:30-8:00 pm

My limp body was covered with the excrement of a thousands dogs—my brain had been soaked in the urine from 100 pus-infested penises—my toenails had been peeled off and paint stripper brushed on the naked flesh—my nostrils had been stuffed with decaying flesh—my ears had been plugged with the sounds of screeching pigs—at last I had become an American—true, strong and FREE.

WEDNESDAYS

THE CLASSICAL SHOW

7:30-10:00 am

A variety of musical styles ranging from the early Medieval to the 20th Century. All styles will be discussed with historical importance. Requests taken. Hosted by Wolfgang J. Ehebald.

*PAULA TAKES LIBERTIES

1:00-5:00 pm

Shut up, I've got a hangover.

THE LION'S DEN

5:15-5:30 pm

Neil Davis will interview players, coaches and special guests on The Lion's Den. There will also be a trivia contest, the prizes being gift certificates for the Fogg 'n Suds Restaurant.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday at 8:00. Information—News as they come at 8:30 pm. Possible special features at 9:00. Your host: Umerah P. Onukwulu. Welcome.

THURSDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY

7:30-10:00 am

Ever feel like you've slept in 24 hours too long? Maybe this Killpigge fellow inhabits his own time zone, or universe for that matter.

FINE LINES

10:00-11:00 am

STACY'S SHOW

1:00-3:00 pm

What will happen will happen!

GREEK WEEKLY REPORT

5:15-5:30 pm

Brothers Pi, Gamma and Delta will be bringing you all the information on what is happening inside the Greek Society at UBC. Everything from sports & social information to the Greek tune of the week, as well as the Greek personal columns will be heard each week.

THE VINYL FRONTIER

5:30-8:00 pm

The Spinlist will never be the same again! Tune in. Turn on. Drop out.

THE CAN-CON JOB

9:00-11:00 pm

Two hours of current Canadian acts with a marked propensity to play local bands. Hosted by Deded the Dedded.

EXHIBITIONISM

Midnight-3:30 am

Wrap Scotch tape around your head. It's fun and works as a good facial. (For best results leave on 3½ Hrs.)

Matt Richards — Plastic Fashion

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

The re-emergence of New Souls. Sacred Dates, Times, Points in History. Overthrowing history. Plus what's going on in Vancouver.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS

10:30-11:30 am

A program that explores "New Consciousness." Dreams, myths, cultures and rituals all take context, bridging the gap between Dark and Light. Featuring the innovative, the eclectic and the stirring diversities inherent in the musical fabric of our world. Hosted by Kirby Hill.

EXPO '66

1:00-2:30 pm

MIDTOWN (UPI)—Expo '66 Chairman Dean Paul Kennedy announced a concrete opening date for the world's fair. "We're right on track, everything is go-ahead for opening day, January 1 at 1:00 p.m." Kennedy, son of entertainer/politician Dean Kennedy, is also host of the CTR radio pavillion. "Until the first, stay tuned Fridays at 1:00 for updates. This will be one kick-ass world's fair," added the young swinger.

NARDDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...

2:30-3:00 pm

By now you out there in radio land must be wondering what the Nardduar Show is all about; however, I'm sure there's a substantial number of the populace who don't care and just want to get on with their lives. (I admire their determination.) Well anyways, in the past months we have talked to local and international rock stars, tried to stimulate your body, and played about 8 songs. Tune in, tune out in 1988. You are in control.

01 Jan. What you do on New Year's Day you do all year round. Nardduar and Cleopatra Von Fluffelestein help you realize this fact.

29 Jan. Northwest Rock in the 1960s, a special look at those bands that inspired Cleo to hiss.

THE WAY WE SEE IT

5:30-6:00 pm

Join the CTR News Staff as they discuss a week of events and issues, causes and consequences. Learn all there is to know about a world of happenings, as each reporter gives story details and discusses its implications.

INTERFERENCE

6:00-9:00 pm

The choice of bankers everywhere. With your host Gerald McBoingboing.

CRACK RHYTHM

9:00-midnight

A large, messy, enigmatically entertaining evening program, highlighting the hefty sounds of exotic beats and the malicious chunk of modern funk, with constant and current info on the Vancouver alternative music scene supplied by those who should know. Hastily hosted by Robert Shea.

LOUIS LOUIS

Midnight-4 am

TOP 20 FOR '87:

Jazzmanian Devils
Family Plot
Sons Of Freedom
Bob's Your Uncle
Rhythm Mission
Snakefinger - The Venue (Mar)
Mojo Nixon/Skid Roper - The Venue (Apr)
Viv Akaldren - The Savoy (May)
Hunters & Collectors - Club Soda (Jun)
Wire - Town Pump (Jun)
Julian Cope - Town Pump (Jul)
Sons Of Freedom - Luv-A-Fair (Aug)
Monuments Galore - The Savoy (Aug)
Rhythm Mission - The Savoy (Oct)
Family Plot - The Venue (Nov)
JAZZMANIAN DEVILS - THE SAVOY (31 DEC)

never met a Psilocybe I didn't like. Or consume, for that matter. Uh, could someone help get all these spiders off me?"

—Botanist Grant just prior to treatment.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

Featuring news, sports, weather, Insight, Generic Review, Today in History, Across the Atlantic.

THE MEAN TIME

6:30-9:00 pm (sometimes)

"Spectator sport is a ludicrous idea. So is sifting through a jillion guitar-quartet albums, trying to find some decent music. Wish me luck."

P. Funk

NOCTURNES

Approx. 10:15-midnight (after UBC Sports Broadcasts) — otherwise 9:00 pm-midnight
"Anyone with even the briefest exposure to today's commercial music industry can't escape the realization that this is an area which has been completely subverted by Satan..."

—Jimmy Swaggart, Music: The New Pornography 1:3

—Zealous Stylus: Paul C.

TUNES 'R' US

Midnight-4:00 am

The incredible music show from two incredible people. Join us for four hours of fun and foolishness. But mostly music! The long-awaited 'covers' show will finally happen on January 23!

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00-Noon

Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Commentary on the historical, technical and latest fashions with regards to all genres. Requests taken. Your host, Wolfgang J. Ehebald.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm

Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30, Reggae

Beat International Hour: news and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. Host: George Barrett.

ROCKIN' RELIGION

3:00-3:30 pm

Preachin' Blues, Gospel Rock, Religious R'n'B, Jesus Rock and the Devil's music too. With your hosts, Lochlan Murray and Reverend Rob.

BLUES BLUES BLUES

3:30-5:00 pm

Delta Blues, Post War Urban Blues, Boogie Blues, Honky Tonk Blues, Rockabilly Blues, Psychedelic Blues, Blues Rock, Punk Blues & even that laid-back Contemporary Blues shit. Hosted by Robert Zepeski or Lochlan Murray.

SOUL CITY

5:00-6:00 pm

With your hosts Rob Z. or Lochlan Murray.

JUST LIKE WOMEN/

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS

6:30-9:00 pm

03 Jan. ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS: Interview with Bill Simmons of the International Indian Treaty Council; Review of "Our Common Future" (Brundtland Commission Report); Coverage of the NDP Aboriginal Rights Conference of November 1987.

8:00 p.m.: Inter-Campus Native Student News.

10 Jan. JUST LIKE WOMEN: News and music by and for women.

17 Jan. ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS: World overview of the nuclear industry after Chernobyl; uranium mining in northern Saskatchewan and B.C.; nuclear submarines in the Arctic.

8:00 p.m.: Inter-Campus Native Student News.

24 Jan. JUST LIKE WOMEN: Music and news by and for women.

31 Jan. 6:30-9:30 p.m.

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS: Feature report on land rights struggles and the ecological crisis in Mexico and Central America.

PLAYLOUD/THIS IS NOT A TEST

9:00 pm-Midnight

"The void beyond the planes where chaos reigns and form abideth not." Abdul Alhazred
Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00 am-noon

Host Steve Edge continues to present the best in acoustic/roots/folk music on CITS. Scheduled features include classic British comedy from "Beyond the Fringe," the Cambridge Footlights Show which led to all the major cult comedy shows in the old country (around 9 a.m. every week), the Compleat Monty Python TV shows (serialized at 11:45), The Edge on Soccer at 11:30, with all the latest scores, scorers and match reports from England and Scotland, and The Edge on Folk's weekly feature at 10:00.

POWER CHORD

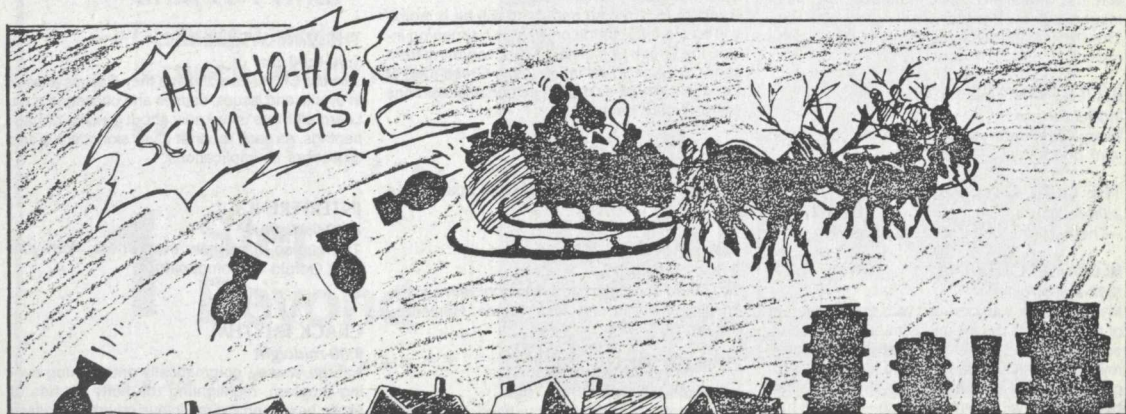
Noon-3:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

WE BE BOTANISTS

3:00-6:00 pm

There are certain hazards in having knowledge of taxonomic identification of mushrooms: "I



SANTA GETS FED-UP

R.Taylor/87



FM 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER. GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT						
9:00	RANDOM DESIGNS	THE JENNIFER CHAN SHOW	THE CLASSICAL SHOW	ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	MUSIC OF OUR TIME
10:00				FINE LINES	TRIBES AND SHADOWS		
11:00	SOUP OF THE DAY	PEST CONTROL			Joanna Graystone		
12:00							
1:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER					POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW
2:00		BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	THE	STACEY'S SHOW	EXPO '66		
3:00					NARDWUAR		
4:00		ORAL DAVE	P.T.L. SHOW*	PARTY WITH ME, PIERRE & JACQUES!	Peter Courtemanche	WE BE BOTANISTS	ROCKIN' RELIGION
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER. GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT, DAILY FEATURE						BLUES, BLUES, BLUES
6:00	CRAPSHOOT				THE WAY WE SEE IT		SOUL CITY
7:00		RECTAL RECTITUDE	KATHY DAY	THE VINYL FRONTIER	INTERFERENCE	SAT. MAGAZINE	SUNDAY MAG.
8:00	MORE DINOSAURS	STUFF	THE AFRICAN SHOW	TOP OF THE BOPS		THE MEAN TIME	JUST LIKE WOMEN/ ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS
9:00							
10:00	THE JAZZ SHOW	JUST SAY NO!	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	THE CAN-CON JOB	CRACK RHYTHM	NOCTURNES	PLAYQUID/ THIS IS NOT A TEST
11:00							
12:00							
1:00						TUNES 'R' US	
2:00	ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY	AURAL TENTACLES		EXHIBITIONISM	LOUIS LOUIS		
3:00							
4:00							

WEEKDAY REPORTS	
8:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS
10:00	NEWSBRIEF
1:00	NEWSBREAK
3:00	NEWSBRIEF
5:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS

SATURDAY REPORTS	
Noon	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS
6:00	SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE

SUNDAY REPORTS	
10:00	VAN. NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
Noon	NEWS
6:00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE

TEN THINGS THAT ARE WORTH KNOWING ABOUT CITR AND DISCORDER

1. 1987 MARKS THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF UBC RADIO.

Citr didn't come into being because a couple of years ago a bunch of UBC students decided, hey!, let's form a punk rock radio station. No, the idea goes back much further than that. Though the call letters themselves go back less than fifteen years, UBC Radio's been pumping out some kind of signal since before the last BIG war. So what you're listening to these days is the result of an evolution which has necessarily involved a number of different attitudes and directions. And oh yeah! people as well. John Turner for instance, and Senator Ray Perrault. So watch out if you're one of those people who think we're open game for slugging. You might never know what hit you.

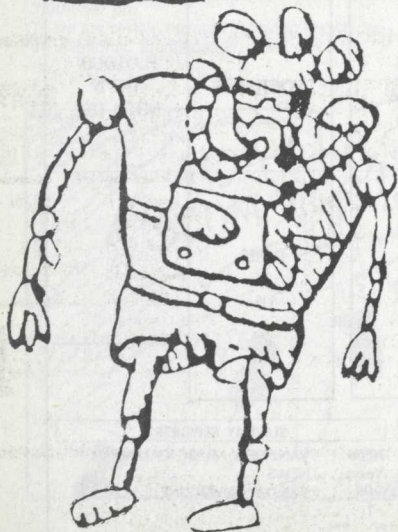
2. CITR IS NOT COMPRISED ENTIRELY OF TRENDY ASSHOLES WITH WEIRD HAIRCUTS.

Hardly any of us have weird haircuts.

3. MOST PEOPLE COULD IMPROVE THEIR RECEPTION OF CITR IF THEY WOULD ONLY PUT A LITTLE EFFORT INTO IT.

It can be as inexpensive as hooking a clothes hanger up to the back of your receiver, as easy as walking casually down to Radio Shack and purchasing a splitter for your cable connector (if you're intimidated by technology, ask a friend to help). Better yet, just yank the cable from your TV and plug it into your receiver and leave it there. Everybody knows TV causes permanent brain damage. If you don't have cable, and you live too far away, then get cable installed. Yes, it's worth fifteen bucks a month, just to get CITR. If you can't afford fifteen bucks a month, run over to your neighbours and splice into their ~~cable~~.

~~So, if you're not getting good reception, you may be~~
~~you could consider getting a~~ ~~reconditioned~~
~~cable. Hold up your local radio~~
~~just once a month.~~



4. INCREASED POWER FOR CITR'S BROADCAST SIGNAL IS SIGNIFICANTLY MORE THAN JUST A PIPE DREAM.

-- or you could just wait patiently a few more months and see what happens with our latest application to the CRTC for increased power. Yes, we have been harping on about this possibility for years, but we've also been working at it (some of us anyway). "Persistence moves mountains," somebody famous once said. All we want to do is move a few bureaucrats' fingers.

5. CITR HAS BEEN INFILTRATED BY COMMUNISTS.

We don't know where they came from, how they got in or even who they are, but have no illusions. The ultimate end goal underlying all of CITR's programming objectives is the installation of a world totalitarian Marxist regime with no religious freedom, no press freedom, no punk rock or Mozart (but lots of heavy metal).

6. SOMETIMES WE LIE QUITE BLATANTLY IN DISCORDER.

If you believe everything you read, you really are a dangerous person. If you believe anything you read, you're still suspect. "If it makes you laugh, it's true. But you haven't understood it until it makes you cry." (somebody famous).

7. ANY CONNECTION(S) BETWEEN DISCORDER'S PHILOSOPHIES AND THOSE OF THE DISCORDIAN RELIGION ARE PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

The problem is, one of the prime tenets of Discordian theology is that there's no such thing as coincidence. No bullshit. We are not making this up. If you want to know more about Discordianism (and about what's really going on in the world), we suggest you read anything by Robert Anton Wilson (or any of his friends), particularly "The Illuminatus Trilogy". The fact that it's enormously difficult to find this book anywhere should be proof enough of its validity.

8. THE BEST PLACE TO READ DISCORDER IS IN THE WASHROOM.

Each issue is painstakingly designed to be read in brief three to seven minute spurts. Also, given the way our ink runs, it helps to be near a sink.

9. WE REALLY DO TRY AT CITR AND DISCORDER.

"Our strength as individuals comes from working together to figure things out so we can actually do something (what a concept!) with all our energy and our politics and our radicalism. 'Cause if we won't even listen to each other, then the conservatives and the oppressors who've got the power structure on their side will win after all and we'll all be dead. Think about that the next time you growl down Granville." (excerpt from Wallflower No More's April Airhead letter) She/he was very pleased with our magazine, and what it appeared we were trying to accomplish with it. A belated Thankyou very much, Wallflower. Not for the praise so much as for the clarity of thinking. If Discorder does have such goals, they're unconscious ones. To be honest, our main concern with this rag is to crank out at least twenty-four interesting pages per month (that have at least some connection with the affiliated radio station); and, of course, to have fun in doing so. Fun is the key word. There's certainly not enough money or reward to justify the effort. If, on occasion, we get overly indulgent or just plain obnoxious, please just close your eyes.

10. CITR IS A RESPONSIBLE MEMBER OF ITS COMMUNITY.

Most of the time. Speaking of which, we're presenting a couple of gigs at Graceland at the end of December. The Red Hot Chili Peppers are playing two nights -- the 30th and a special New Years bash on the 31st. Have a decent 1988.

The Editor

STARTS DECEMBER 25TH

"TOP 10 OF 1987"

- IAN CADDELL, GEORGIA STRAIGHT

"Funny."

-Rex Reed, AT THE MOVIES

"Inspirational"

-Janet Maslin, NEW YORK TIMES

"Terrific"

-Judith Crist, WWOR-TV

Nick Nolte WEEDS

Feel what it's like from the inside.



WARNING: COARSE LANGUAGE THROUGHOUT,
SOME NUDITY, SUGGESTIVE SCENES AND VIOLENCE
(R.C. DIRECTOR)

Unusual, bawdy, surprisingly lively odyssey of a convict who forms a theatrical troupe that travels cross-country, with Nick Nolte a possible Oscar contender.



①

PINK
FLOYD
THE
WALL

\$8.50 ADVANCE
\$10.00 AT DOOR

MIDNIGHT

②

LED-ZEPPELIN

THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME

③

THE WHO

QUADROPHENIA

WARNING: COARSE LANGUAGE
AND VIOLENT SCENES.

TRIPLE FEATURE! DEC. 31ST



SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL SUNDAYS 1:30

ADMISSION \$4.50
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PAUL SCOFIELD
PETER BROOKS
King Lear
JANUARY 24TH

LAURENCE
OLIVIER
AS
OTHELLO
AN ACTUAL PERFORMANCE OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREAT BRITAIN
JANUARY 31ST



ELIZABETH
TAYLOR
RICHARD
BURTON
IN THE BURTON-ZEPPELIN PRODUCTION
THE AMING SHREW
FEBRUARY 7TH

Roman Polanski
direct
MACBETH
JOHN FINCH
FEBRUARY
14TH



FEBRUARY 21ST
LAURENCE
OLIVIER
"HENRY V"



**ROMEO
& JULIET**
FEBRUARY 28TH

Leonard Whiting,
Olivia Hussey,
Milo O'Shea,
Direction:
Franco Zeffirelli.
FEBRUARY
28TH

JULIUS CAESAR

MARLON BRANDO JOHN GIELGUD
JAMES MASON LOUIS CALHERN
EDMOND O'BRIEN GREER GARSON
DEBORAH KERR
MARCH 6TH



Richard III (1956) — Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before.

RICHARD III

LAURENCE OLIVIER
CLAIRE BLOOM
RALPH RICHARDSON
JOHN GIELGUD

MARCH 13TH

LAURENCE OLIVIER
Olivier's Oedipal, melancholic Dane, despite some textual cuts, stands unrivaled as exhilarating Shakespeare and stunning cinema. Oscar winner for Best Picture and Best Actor. Jean Simmons, Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, Felix Aylmer. (1948)

Hamlet

MARCH 20TH

Studio Cinema

DOWNTOWN • GRANVILLE AT SMITHE
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MIDNIGHT MAGIC

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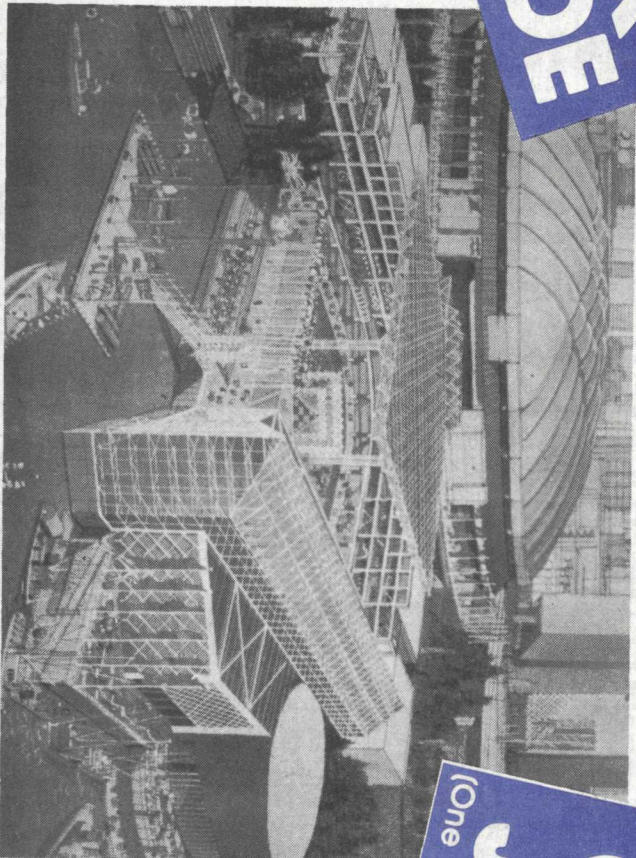
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- gourmet buffet
- 1/2 Bottle of Champagne
- reserved floor table section
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- Party Favours

BRITISH COLUMBIA ENTERPRISE CENTRE



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JAMES**

(One Vancouver Show Only)

\$50.00 ticket

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- party favours

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